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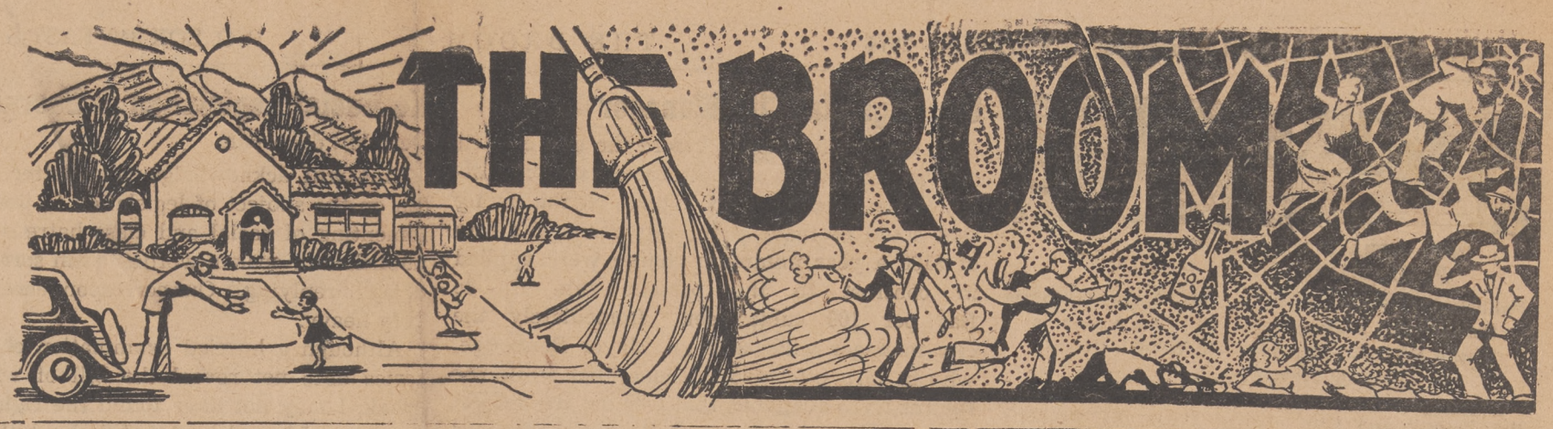

VOLUME XI. No. 32. Phone: Randolph 2874 SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, MONDAY, MAY 5, 1941. (Legal Newspaper) $2.50 PER YEAR—SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

Where Is The Police?

Lt. Merritt's Traffic Squad on the Spot

RED HANDBILL DISTRIBUTOR HELD

Accused of obstructing the entrance to the downtown Pythian building while passing out Communist handbills, Dan Forrest Taylor, 27, was booked at the city jail on a disorderly conduct charge.

John H. McCartney, arresting officer, said he had received complaints concerning Taylor from Ralph Rocks, business agent for Local 229, Butchers' union, and from Bill Perry, 24, vice president of Laborers' Local 89. The unions, both A.F.L., hold meetings in the building, at 227 E Street.

"Taylor," Rocks asserted, "would accost the workers as they entered the building, and say, 'here, take this handbill.' If a worker would not accept a handbill, Taylor would stand in the doorway and refuse to move."

Perry said he called police because Taylor was "not allowing the men to go through the door until they received the literature."

Judge Terry transferred the case to Judge Phil Smith's municipal court for setting May 7. Taylor is at liberty on $25 bail.

TRIAL ON PICKET STABBING CHARGE SET FOR LAST FRIDAY

Trial of Ben Berkouf, 54, fruit and produce merchant accused of stabbing Richard Ryan, 27, butchers' union picket, was set for last Friday by Superior Judge Gordon Thompson. Berkouf pleaded not guilty and not guilty by reason of insanity. He is at liberty under $500 bond.

Ryan, recovering in a hospital from stab wounds, was one of a group of pickets pacing back and fourth in front of Berkouf's market on Twelfth ave.

PICKET FACES PARKING CHARGE

Charging that a woman picket at a downtown department store strike had parked her automobile overtime, C. Leon de Aryan, publisher of a weekly newspaper, made a citizen's arrest and sent the woman to the city jail.

The picket, Mrs. Nellie Hammond, 32, of 4411 Cherokee ave., who gave her occupation as a waitress, posted $1 bail at the jail and was released.

de Aryan said he made the arrest "because the police, having been notified, refused for a month and a half to give tickets to the pickets for overparking in that district."

Asked if he had received a complaint in regard to the alleged overtime parking by pickets, Lt. Frank Merritt, head of the police traffic bureau, said he had and that "several officers have been working in that district and have issued many tickets for overtime parking."

Lt. Frank Merritt's Traffic Squad

Last Tuesday I walked by the Montgomery Ward store to see how the pickets were behaving. The same woman was still holding forth in front of the main entrance where customers had to wind their way around her. Stepping inside the store and asking the management how things were getting along, I received the complaint that two cars were parked all day long, for weeks at a time, right smack in front of the main entrance, in an hour zone, and all complaints to the traffic detail by telephone had produced no results.

I decided to get results.

The offending cars bore the licenses 78 T 564, Dodge sedan and 30 T 426, Plymouth sedan. The woman picket called out to me that the latter was her car. That made it easier to time her for overparking. I left a secret marker to make sure that any movement of the cars would be immediately evident, that I might be able to prove in court the charge of overparking and went to the police station to get the cops handy to turn her over when I was going to make a civilian arrest. Captain Joseph Doran had just changed shifts and got hold of a patrol car, telling the officers to go to Montgomery Ward's. I followed in my car. At Ward's the patrol car had driven alongside the two offending cars and Patrolman John H. McCartney was standing, talking to the drivers. I drove on two blocks, parked my car and walked back. By that time one car had pulled out, but the other was occupied by the woman picket who sat in the driver's seat and was being questioned by McCartney. She identified herself as the driver of the car, holding registered ownership. That being the case I tapped her on the hand and placed her under arrest for overparking.

"What are you doing that for, de Aryan?" protested McCartney when I told him: "Officer, this woman is under arrest and I am turning her over to you. You may either give her a traffic ticket for overparking and have her sign it so she won't have to go to jail, or you can take her along and book her."

Patrolman Suggests de Aryan's Arrest

McCartney flew off the handle, walking excitedly up and down. "Why, you are putting me on the spot, you are always doing that to the police. Why don't you let us handle these matters in the regular way? The Captain sent us out here to settle this thing and I was timing her."

"I have timed her already and the Captain sent you out here at my request. The police has had six weeks to settle this overparking, now I took hold."

"In that case, oh these damned civilian arrests!" and turning to Nellie Hammond, the picket: "Say, you can put him under arrest, too, for disturbing your peace."

"That's marvellous, officer. Your number is 100. I shall be delighted to have her arrest me now."

At that junction his partner called him to the car. They had a whispered conversation and McCartney then instructed me and Mrs. Hammond to "wait here, I am going to get me some instructions on this case." He drove away with his partner and I went into the store and called Judge Terry: "This is the de Aryan, Judge. How long will you be there?" — "I'll be here till five o'clock. Why?"—"I placed a picket under arrest and the officer to whom I turned her over advised her to arrest me also. In that case I want to call you to get me out on my own recognizance." — "I'll be here."

de Aryan Not Arrested

When I returned to the sidewalk McCartney was standing again besides Mrs. Hammond's car. "Will you come with us to the station?" asked he.

"That's O. K., but first I want to know whether I am under arrest."

"What difference does it make?" — "Oh, it makes all the difference under the sun. Am I under arrest?" — "If she is under arrest . . . " — "Yes, I know, you told her to put me under arrest also . . . " — "**I said nothing of the kind,** I said she **could** place you under arrest . . . "

"Say, officer, what's that? I heard you tell her to put him under arrest; you are not going to double cross my pal!" exclaimed another woman picket rushing from the sidewalk to confront McCartney. "Hush up, and go back into line", was the warning from Mrs. Hammond and other pickets who realized that she was putting the officer on the spot and helping me.

"Will you drive us to the police station?" asked McCartney of Mrs. Hammond, since his partner had driven away in the patrol car. "And are you willing to come with us in her car, Mr. de Aryan?"

"Am I under arrest?" — "No, you are not." — "Then let's go."

McCartney did not have to take her to jail. He could have made out a parking ticket which I would have signed in place of the officer and Mrs. Hammond would have had her choice of signing the ticket or going to jail.

At the police station McCartney piloted his prisoner into the captain's office. Captain Doran was not in. McCartney stepped out to find him and met him in the court yard. "What are you waiting for?" Doran said. "If Mr. de Aryan arrested her take her to the jail and book her to him."

Later on I called in some witnesses and together we went to the city prosecutor who listened to the evidence and issued a complaint. Nellie Hammond posted $1 bail and was released immediately.

It is most remarkable that when Dan Forrest Taylor annoyed the members of the butchers' union, officer McCartney discovered the proper procedure to arrest Taylor. When the union picket overparks and I arrest her, he is quite put out and suggests to her that she arrest me, too.

Where is Lt. Merrit and his squad? Other owners of stores who are being picketed, also complain that cars stay parked in front of their shops all day in a two-hour zone and that all complaints to the police avail nothing.

Is it the purpose of the police to force citizens to organize their own vigilante squad and use the prerogative of civilian arrests to straighten out this mess? If that is what they want, then we will have to make changes in the department to produce results.

Remember, I hailed once the Assistant Chief of Police for running through a red light. And he paid the $5.00 fine, too.

—o—

Hirt's Powerful Little Fist

Clifford Hirt, furniture worker accused of felony assault and possession of a blackjack, was acquitted by Superior Court Judge Charles C. Haines who said that while he was not satisfied that Hirt did not hit George Huntley with the blackjack and broke his jaw, as charged, he also was "not satisfied beyond a reasonable doubt that he did", because of the conflicting testimony in the case.

Mrs. Field, owner of the Century Upholstery shop at Villa Terrace and University ave., testified together with Alonzo Huntley, brother of George that they saw Hirt use a blackjack. But four CIO pickets, who with Hirt were picketing the shop, testified to the contrary.

Folks, Hirt is a little fellow, and his hands are not the size of bear paws, but . . . my, oh my, when he hits with a bare fist, they are as hard as a sledge hammer to break a man's jaw **without injuring his own knuckles, or bones.** It's magic, I tell you! Now you see it, now you don't.

Picket asleep inside store property on customers' bench at Van's Market, Fifth & Laurel. Arrow points to property line. Police did not disturb sleeper when called by owner of market, April 14.

Picket Asleep on Store Bench

On April 14, Monday 3 pm, William Jenney, owner of the meat market in Van's store at 2440 Fifth avenue, called the police to free him from the presence of an uninvited guest who had stretched himself on a bench inside the store for a little nap. That bench was placed there by Jenney for the convenience of customers who were waiting with bundles in their arms for whoever was shopping with them to finish their shopping. In my investigation of the situation, during twenty minutes of observation, later on, I found the bench continually used by customers waiting for their partners, as described. It's easier for the man to sit down and wait for his wife to finish shopping, or for the mother to hold her bundles in her lap while daughter shops some more.

The accompanying picture tells the story. Van's is being picketed because Jenney refuses to submit to dictation of labor racketeers. The arrow indicates the store's property line. The sign is stuck in the groove of the sliding door rollers. And the tired fellow takes a snooze. But he prevents the customers from using the bench.

Jenney did not take an ice pick to tussle with the picket and have it impaled in his back; he did the orderly thing: he called the police.

Two of them arrived in their car. "He is on private property, so we cannot arrest him, but you may arrest him for tresspass. I tell you, fellow, you are **fooling with dynamite,** if you arrest him. Better see an attorney", and the police left with the added advice to take the bench away and put it **in the back of the store** where the picket **and the customers** could not use it.

Who Runs the Police ?

Is is then a wonder that Ben Berkouff, after such services from the police, took recourse to an ice pick to free himself from the unwanted presence of a picket, after, in his case, the police had refused to interfer.

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C. Leon de Aryan, editor - owner

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Patriotic Defense Sacrifices

The 11th Cavalry is encamped on the shores of Lake Morena with 500 horses and men. Soon more horses and men will join them.

The latrines for the officers and men are open pits, right on the shores of the lake and, with this wet season, they overflow nicely into the lake. On Kerney Mesa the army is digging regular septic tanks and there is no danger of typhoid infection, since the watershed of the Mesa does not emtpy into the San Diego city water supply. But at Morena, that is a different story.

We were recently told to get ready for sacrifices. Evidently our first sacrifice is to get used to horse manure flavor and latrine effluvia in the liquid that pours forth from city hydrants. Perhaps they will add a double dose of chlorine and make the water smell more of chlorine than of 11th cavalry; whichever it be, folks, get used to sacrifice and like it.

Dailies Failed to Report

Dear Mr de Aryan:

May I call attention to an important fact. On Monday, April 28th, the day following Churchill's speech, Fulton Lewis, Jr. in his 4 P. M. radio address reported that Roosevelt had stated in his press conference of that day that he was not in favor of convoys and that he did not want to go down in history as having put the United States into war.

This was a mighty important piece of news, most comforting to all our citizens. Yet, I have scanned the newspapers in vain for any mention of this by the Associated Press and United Press or local news service. Be it remembered that Fulton Lewis, Jr. has the high reputation of being the most accurate and truthful reporter on the air. When I mentioned the good news to a friend I was asked "Do you think he (Roosevelt) means it?" Can you wonder at this oft repeated question? The nervous American public is standing between its ears with a question mark in each eye wondering what next to expect from the Great Dissembler.

Our navy and army strategists — than whom there can be none more stratospheric — asseverate that we can beat Hitler if he will invade the United States, or Canada, or Mexico, or South America. Yet they aim to prevent Hitler from coming over, using England as a buffer. It does not make sense. England declared war on Germany but has never attacked Germany. On the other hand Germany conducts an offensive war seeking to contact the ever retreating British. It is rumored that by royal decree Victoria crosses, handed out to generals for successful retreats, must be worn between the shoulder blades for conspicuousness.

I lived in London for a short time studying social conditions and the character of its people. Nowhere in my European travels did I find such hopeless abject poverty amidst so great wealth as I did in London, the Capital of the greatest and wealthiest stratotic empire the world has ever known. It does not make sense.

Upon my return to the United States I visited the stockyards in Chicago and was impressed by the stolid morale of the penned in cattle. Stupidity does not make sense. The bloody flag now flutters on the pole of retribution. God so wills it. Compact United States is the finest country and has the best form of government in the world. Let us keep it such. That makes sense. If we will it we can lick the world. BUT, "for what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" That is inspired common sense.

I avail myself of, and grant to others, the right of free speech.

Sincerely yours,
J. H. JOHNSON.

Murdering Alexander Korizis, Greek Premier who intended to save the lives of his people by an armistice and calling the assassination "suicide" did not help matters, but made them worse. The Greeks know he was murdered and the Germans took Greece anyway, while many were killed and much property was destroyed, unnecessarily.

Aid-to-Britain—plow under every fourth American boy.—Sen. Wheeler.

Our High Hat City Manager

At the public hearing before the city council on water rates for agricultural consumers Milton P. Sessions asked for figures on the saving that could be made if the city manager's rate of $100 a year minimum charge were applied in contrast to the present rate of 8c flat per 100 cubic feet. Immediately the city manager whispered to Mayor Benbough, who in turn informed Sessions, that while the figures were available, that was not the subject matter of the hearing and Benbough covered this refusal to reply to the **most pertinent question of the whole hearing** by promising satisfaction to the complaining citizens.

Walter Cooper has no sense of fitness. Like Esseltyne and Flack he imagines himself the infallible high Lord Kokalorem. Like them he forgets that the big-headeder they are the harder they fall. Because he wrangled out a $12,000 a year job from a council who have much over-rated him, he really thinks that he is lord of our lives in San Diego. To him it does not matter if the orchards of our citizens of small means are destroyed. Collecting $12,000 a year he cannot visualize the conditions of living of a $1,200 a year family, or less. To hell with their trees and orchards! is his slogan if he can "save" a few dollars to the city. Sessions told him off rightly that he is a stranger to San Diego and is ignorant of the history of the agricultural water rate and its purpose.

Why did Cooper instruct the mayor to sidestep Sessions' question? Because it would have shown the folly of destroying the small orchards by hiking up the rate to a $100 a year minimum. Sessions told him properly that orchards and trees and lawns and gardens add to the value of the property which the assessor taxes and collects all the differential between water revenue for a flourishing orchard and the tax loss from a dead orchard.

If Cooper cannot come down to earth and be a humble servant, he'll discover that San Diego has little respect for its political creatures who have no heart and no sense of appreciation of the difficulties of the common variety of people.

British Business at American Expense

Squawk Raised

WASHINGTON,—The squabble between manufacturers and the war department over continued production of new types of commercial ships has been intensified by German and British invasion of the civil aviation field in South America. While the defense agencies here seek to freeze construction to present models, the two embattled nations apparently have sufficient surplus to dispose of them abroad.

American manufacturers are turning out advanced models for the transport lines—a Douglas DC-4 and a Lockheed of the same type. They have spent large sums on experiments, and believe they should be permitted to carry on limited production. Some weeks ago the war department and national defense commission planned to prohibit further output, but the private makers raised a terrific squawk. They buttonholed friends in these agencies and political pals on Capitol Hill. The order was withheld temporarily, but it is still under consideration. It probably will be promulgated soon on the ground that all airplane capacity is needed for defense preparations.

In the midst of the row, to the embarrassment of government officials, **Britain sends a sample commercial ship for inspection by prospective buyers in South America.** Germany follows suit with a new Condor and promises delivery in volume. Naturally American interests — aviation and political—wonder how two nations engaged in a fierce air war can still turn out commercial ships, while peaceful America cannot.—Ray Tucker.

But It Is Not Victory

YUGOSLAVIA has been beaten and Greece has crumbled before the onward march of the Nazis. Despite British help, the Balkans did not have the strength to turn back the panzer divisions, Stuka bombers and all the other engines of destruction that were turned upon them. There are those who say that this is the end of the British empire.

Despite the discouragement that must follow one defeat after another, this is not the end. Neither will it be the end if Turkey goes the same way; or if Suez falls and the Nazis reach their long-dreamed of Bagdad. For even then the Nazis will have barely touched the far-flung empire; not a foot of British soil now is held by an invader.—San Diego Union.

Note:— "Not a foot of British soil now is held by an invader", as long as Britain was able to sacrifice Poland, Norway, France, Belgium, Holland, Greece and Yugoslavia who gave their all to save Britain. Egypt is next. Certainly Britain can "point with pride" to the record.

The Love of Truth is the Essence of Intelligence

No Racial Legislation in Sacramento

Dear Mr. de Aryan:

This will acknowledge your letter of April 9th on the subject of legislation to prevent the fomenting of racial and class hatreds through published or spoken words. I am sorry for the delay in replying. Our correspondence has been very heavy.

Although a hurried examination of the Histories does not reveal the bill of which you speak, I may not have found the right subject heading. I have heard that such a bill has been introduced.

At any rate, I have read with interest your full discussion on this subject. While our views may differ on some of the points raised in your letter, we come to the same conclusion insofar as condemning any such bill is concerned. No one despises more than I the fomenting of hatred by reason of race or color or class, but I recognize the fact that it is both impracticable and worse to attempt to legislate on such a subject so far as speech and publication are concerned. I fully agree that the attempt to limit same might only aggravate the situation, and, in any case, might be more dangerous than a situation that such legislation would attempt to correct.

So be assured that the legislation of which you speak will have my opposition.

Sincerely yours,
PAUL A. RICHIE.

79th Assembly District.

P. S. Later—Apparently the matter to which you refer was **contained** in a bill of wider scope, but was amended out.—P. R.

Keep Writing to President & Congress

How and Whom to Address

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Esq.,
The White House, Washington, D. C.
Dear Sir:

* * * *

Hon. Ed. Izac,
House Office Bldg., Washington, D. C.
My dear Mr. Izac:

* * * *

Hon. Hiram W. Johnson,
Senate Office Bldg., Washington, D. C.
Dear Senator:

* * * *

Hon. Sheridan Downey:
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U. S. Should Propose Peace

WASHINGTON,— The British Balkan debacle, although expected, has loosened army-navy tongues which had been silent out of deference to their commander-in-chief. They insist privately that President Roosevelt should execute a right-about-face in his whole foreign policy. In their candid opinion, Britain faces surrender or a peace conference, or a wound so mortal that she can no longer be considered a major factor in the war. The dominions—Australia, Canada, South Africa, New Zeland— are protesting bitterly against London's military strategy and the loss of their men. The United States cannot re-arm herself at the present rate of national defense progress. As a high army officer put it, "We cannot give aid short of war because we are short of aid, and we can't intervene because there is no place to intervene." Army-navy officials think it is time to stop stripping ourselves of weapons needed for training or defense. They want to give Britain reasonable aid. All want her to win. But they advocate a re-survey of the diplomatic and military situation as it affects the United States.

This country, they believe, now must face the stark fact that it may have to fight Germany and Japan and their allies some day, and perhaps alone. So they argue that we should not invite a war until we are ready to meet Hitler on our terms and time—that is, when we know that we are stronger than he is.—Ray Tucker.

HEROIC ENGLISH ASSASSINS

The super-men in the "commando" regiments, the suicide raiders who slip over into occupied France and shanghai German officers, or bring back their buttons and pants as trophies, get most fun out of learning how to use a knife the right way . . . "if you put it in the right place, they can't squeal." . . . The choice weapon of the home guard is a cheese knife—steel wire on two handles, used like a garotte. If the Nazis ever land in Britain, they'll think they've stumbled into the home of the Redskins.

—Walter Winchell.

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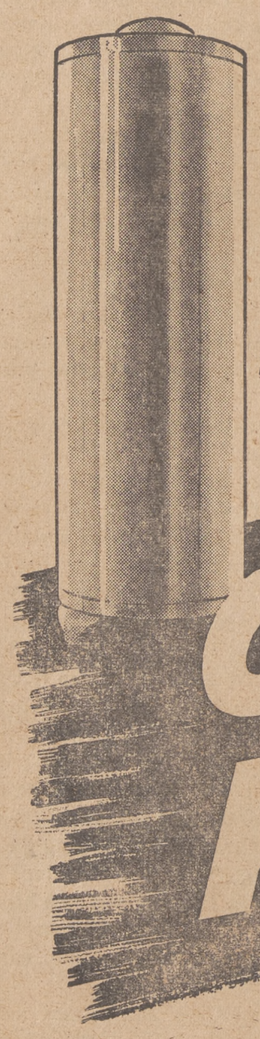
A Kansas woman reports that she has kept and used the same pair of scissors 65 years—They evidently weren't of the lend-lease variety.



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HEALTH-GERMS

By George Starr White, M. D.

DON'T BE "SPLEENISH"

The spleen is one of the so-called ductless glands, situated at the left of the stomach. Its function is supposed to be that of "working over" the red-blood corpuscles, so as to give the liver part of them to help do its work. The spleen has other functions that nobody understands.

Dr. Geo. Starr White

Not so many years ago, philosophers considered the spleen to be the seat of various emotions, especially those that made one feel "blue." The spleen has a purplish color; and when one has melancholia he feels as the spleen looks —**purplish blue.**

When one was peevish, ill-tempered, cranky, disagreeable or crabbed, he was said to be "spleenish."

There can be no disputing the fact that when the liver is "acting up," the owner feels "down in the mouth." Now that we know that the spleen helps keep the liver going, maybe the "ancients" were not so far "unscientific" as the "moderns" imagine.

In contrast, let us consider the little ductless glands that sit on top of the kidneys—the "kidney hats," or suprarenal (adrenal) glands. These "little fellows" have a "powerful sight" to say about how things go in our bodies.

When these "high hatters" "act up," the owner feels as if he could do all sorts of stunts—beat up the champion fighter, or beat the stock market. The "adrenals," as these little bodies are called, "pep" a fellow up; whereas the spleen acts just the opposite.

A fighter is "adrenalish", while a coward can be said to be "spleenish".

Too much action of either of these mysterious glands can set the whole metabolism of the body out of tune; and un-health is sure to follow.

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"The Protocols" & "Enriched" Flour

Those "anti-Semites" who spread the alleged "Protols of the Elders of Zion" all over the civilized world for Gentiles to read and wake up, claim that the "ancient" patriarchs, with flowing beards and venerable demien, had been instructing their sons in the art of destroying the stupid goyim who would trust in medical "science" to prolong their lives. The young Jews were to fill the position of medics and in this way undermine the health and morals of the hated goyim.

Now whether the "Protocols" be forgeries or not, Dr. Morris Fishbein is not a forgery but a genuine Jew and the head of the American Medical Association, whom history is not only going to brand as the greatest racket, but as a group of people in comparison with whom the ancient order of Assassins, of the Old Man of the Mountain, were pikers and novices. For this "scientific" gang of organized and licensed murderers and poisoners, wielders of the poison needles, serums and vaccines, has succeeded to kill more people than any other historic group of cut-throats and pirates .

And the way these dispensers with health proceeded was to evolve the "germ" theory and its resultant "serum" remedies. But in order to produce weakened minds and weak constitutions where the germs could be cultured and breed havoc, man's food had to be depleted. Thus the "staff of life" was turned into a staff of death by the milling process that took all the good out of the wheat, fed it to fatten cattle and peddled the dead and bleached starch residue to the stupid goyim with a great advertising campaign as "good white flour". And now because it is proven that it lacks the necessary ingredients, these scientific mass murderers have devised ways of "enriching" the flour by adding new poisons to it: Thiamin, **nicotinic acid,** iron and riboflavin. Anything to prevent natural, wholesome wheat flour.

THE NATIONAL WHIRLIGIG

Flour Fight Looms

NEW YORK,—A first-class scrap, in the law courts and before government agencies, is developing in connection with the new "enriched" or "fortified" flour program sponsored by Paul McNutt's health and welfare division. It revolves about the intriguing question why the government should sponsor the enrichment of bread flour with some of its lost vitamins, when there exists a workable process for retaining in the flour, from the beginning, virtually all of those health-builders.

Major millers are placing on the market flour to which have been added significant amounts of thiamin, nicotinc acid and iron. They would like to add riboflavin, if they can find an economically practicable method. McNutt's division prophesies that by mid-summer half the flour on the market will be "enriched". The public is told that six slices of the new bread would give the eater about a quarter of his daily requirements of B-complex vitamins. These are the ones which keep muscles and nerves healthy, maintain and revivify reproduction fertility, and help to prevent such as infantile paralysis.

The program sounds worth while. Obviously it has advantages over the German system of permitting food deficiencies to continue, perhaps, perforce, and then feeding vitamin pills to offset them. But scientifically the idea appears cockeyed in view of the fact that the vitamins which the millers now propose to put back were in the wheat when it was grown and ground. There is no reason they should not be left there in the milling, and with them riboflavin and wheat germ oil itself.—S. Burton Heath.

Note: The Jewish New Deal is to "finance" the poisoning of the flour—enriched!

Advertising San Diego

Editor, The Broom:

Bonham's Boys Band.—Jules F. Jacques, director, gave their annual Easter concert at the organ amphitheater, Balboa Park, to the joy and wonder of a huge audience.

This capable and well-disciplined organization evidenced much painstaking and physical effort by the director.

It is remarkable that budding boyhood with its high animal and mental spirits could be formed into a precision and harmony ensemble. Surely, newspapers ought to give more space to this band and similar ones, including the girls'. It all would lead to a well-rounded maturity.

Many out of town people have carried to their far-flung homes the musical treat afforded. And with purposes and hopes that the boys of their own localities may do the same in character building.

Our Chamber of Commerce recreational, tourist and convention bureaus, and public spirited groups could send on tours, during vacation periods, this Boys Band of 140 clean-living members ever so thrillingly performing on parade or platform.

The itinerary would win minds and hearts for a homeland that produces such an excellent musical aggregation, as well as like bands, in the city and county of San Diego.

HARRY J. MARTIN.

P. O. Box 935, San Diego, California.

CO-OPERATION

Drops of rain kissing the flowers,
They in turn perfume the air
With fragrance rare . . .
Kissing sometimes is revealing
As in case of the flowers
Kissed by cool showers.

—Oliva M. Diaz.

A new baby in an Illinois town has been named "Weather Strip". Seems it kept its father out of the draft.

Your "Thoughts" of Today Are Your "Joys"—or Sorrows— of Tomorrow

JOHN P. WILLIAMS, D. D.

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Good THOUGHT

Good WORD — Good DEED

MAZDAZNAN AFFIRMATION

(Master Thought)

I am all in One individually and one in all collectively;

I am present individually and omni-present collectively;

I am knowing individually and omni-scient collectively;

I am potent individually and omni-potent collectively;

All is of God and God is All

Individually I am in Part, collectively I am the whole;

Individually I am Di-verse, collectively I am Universe;

Individually I am Limited, collectively I am Unlimited;

Individually I am Begotten, collectively I Beget.

God is Love and God is Peace;
Goy is Joy, God gives Release.
God is Health; that health is mine.
God gives wealth; a wealth divine.

All God's attributes surround me;
In that God I safely dwell;
God, within, above, around me;
God is mine and all is well.

God is Breath, gives Life and Brightness;
God alone reveals the Right.
All I know is God and Goodness;
In His Name I conquer Might.

By Nature I am a child of the Earth;
In Spirit I am an Associate of God;
I am the heir and joint heir of God;
And I have a portion and part in the Earth,
For the Earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof.

I am at Peace, I am at Peace with God; I am at Peace with Man; I am at Peace with self.

I am a Mazdaznan and I recognize the Eternal Designs in Good Thought, Good Word, Good Deed,

Hu-mata, Hu-hata, Hu-varashta.

There is no end to matter;
There is no end to space;
There is but Good and Better;
There is no end to Grace.
Man is God's Revelation
From out of Substance born,
And Life is Inspiration
From out of God reborn.

The Will of the Lord is the Law of Holiness:

Yat-ha A-hu, Yat-ha A-hu, Yat-ha A-hu Va-i-ry-o.

Holiness is the Best of all Goood.

A-shem Vo-hu, A-shem Vohu, A-shem A-shem Vo-hu.

Pseudo-Rosicrucian Racket of a Jew

LOS ANGELES,—Suit for $1,000,000 damages has been filed against Ralph Maxwell Lewis and others by Jeanette Scott Seymour Young, 27-year-old concert pianist, who charged they had her confined in a state insane hospital and forced her to undergo a sterilization operation.

Miss Young's complaint asserted she became engaged to Lewis, identified as president of the Rosicrucian order, after he represented he was unmarried and a member of the Caucasian race.

Affidavit "Perjured"

When she learned he was already married and was not a Caucasian, and she threatened legal action, the complaint charged, Lewis conspired with Mrs. Lee Sackman Holmes, Herschel H. Holmes, Mrs. Gertrude Hand and other defendants, to have her placed in the Norwalk state hospital on a "perjured affidavit".

Through bribery of state officers and attaches of the hospital, it is alleged, the sterilization operation was performed there without her consent on Jan. 12, 1935.

Abandons Music Career

Miss Young charged that as a result of the confinement and the operation, her hearing became greatly impaired and she was forced to abandon her musical career, losing earnings of $3000 to $5,000 a year.

She declared she "was at all times of sound mind and was widely recognized as a musical artist of outstanding ability and an authority on modern philosophy and psychology and a writer and author of distinction."

Miss Young said she is the daughter of the late Robert Seymour Young, pioneer Seattle legislator.

Scared of the People's Wrath

Roosevelt the Politician

WASHINGTON,— Inside the cabinet, Hull is not the only man worried about the war situation. Even more worried, at least more articulate, are Republican Cabineteers Stimson and Knox, Democrat Morgenthau, and ex-Republican Ickes. In some degree, furthermore, the entire cabinet shares this worry.

Some are greatly concerned at the president's inactivity. Though faced with a desperate catastrophe, they feel that he has been waiting for public opinion to catch up to him.

Roosevelt always has prided himself on keeping his ear tuned to political ground-swells, being able to feel the public pulse. He knows when it is dangerous to get too far ahead of public sentiment, and when he is in step with it.

But today, some White House advisers believe Roosevelt is applying too much smart politics to gauging public opinion, instead of getting out in front and forming public opinion himself. —Washington Merry-Go-Round.

Where Lend-Lease Taxes Go

It was while Mr. Matsuoka was flitting between Berlin and Rome, keeping his well-arranged features as inscrutable as the Yugoslavia, Mediterranean and Ethiopia situations permitted, that a Connecticut leather factory was asked to bid on saddles for the British army. It bid. So did other American saddlers. While the United States War Department wrung its hands, the British purchasing commission awarded the contract to the lowest bidder —a Japanese firm.—Collier's.

VEGETARIANS TO RECEIVE MORE CHEESE IN BRITAIN

LONDON,—Vegetarians of Britain will receive eight ounces of cheese weekly instead of the one ounce fixed for other consumers when the rationing of cheese begins May 5, Lord Woolton, Minister of Food, announced.

An applicant for the special rational will have to sign a certificate stating that he is a vegetarian, prepared to surrender his meat and bacon coupons, and who promises not to eat meat in restaurants or other eating places.

Unless the applicant is a member of one of the national societies of vegetarians he will have to produce a certificate signed by a doctor, magistrate or other responsible public person.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 28864

Estate of Cecil Harper, also known as Cecil F. Harper, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Chester D. Gunn as the Administrator of the Estate of Cecil Harper, also known as Cecil F. Harper, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims aginst the said deceased, that within six months after the first publication of this notice, they either file them with the necessary vouchers in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of San Diego, or present them with the necessary vouchers to the said Chester D. Gunn at his place of business to-wit, Room 22, Court House, San Diego, California.

Signed, Chester D. Gunn, as Administrator of said Estate.

Dated at San Diego this 18th day of April, 1941.

James B. Abbey, District Attorney
By Robert E. Jenson, Deputy.
Attorneys for said Chester D. Gunn.

Date of first and last publications April 21; May 19, 1941.

'Roosevelt's War' if U.S. Enters, Sen. Nye Says

BALTIMORE,—Sen. Nye (R-ND) asserted that if the United States enters the European war it "will have to be recorded in American history as President Roosevelt's war, not a war to save democracy, or to stop aggressors — just plain President Roosevelt's war".

Nye criticized the president's course in foreign policy as "anything but frank", and declared "hate and fear have been made our American masters".

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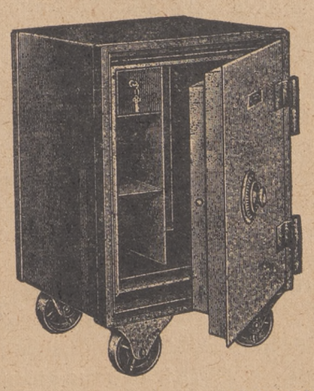

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Let's Place Our Faith In God

(Over KGB, Wednesday 7:15 pm, April 30, 1941)

Be sure to keep on writing your letters addressed to President Roosevelt at the White House, urging him to fulfill his pre-election pledges and keep this country out of Europe's war. Also write to your congressman and the two California senators, and Harry Hopkins. You will find full directions how to address letters to these officials in the current issue of THE BROOM, copies are for sale at the newsstands in the lobbies of the new post office and the civic center building. If you ever intended to subscribe to THE BROOM, now is the time to do it. THE BROOM is doing pioneer work by insisting that our public officials keep and obey their oath of office, keep and execute their pre-election promises.

I take the position that our country will be by far better protected by keeping faith with God than by placing our faith in destructive force and exercising bad faith with the people of America, as well as breaking faith with the principles of Christianity and human compassion. As we sow, so will we also reap, for God cannot be mocked. What man thinketh in his heart, so is he and we cannot take the Kingdom of God by force and violence. We cannot produce liberty by destroying it; we cannot reap figs off thistles. Only by doing good can we eliminate evil; only by the application of the Golden Rule in daily practice will we put an end to brutalitarianism. Those who worship brute force will perish by the sword they draw, and liberty does not flourish where the state suppresses the liberty of the individual to follow the dictates and commands of God and of his nobler spirit of compassion. As Americans we must be shining lights of understanding of the frailties of men and instead of egging them on to more brutality we must turn the tide back to sanity and bring out the better nature which will triumph over the brute. Only the nobler spirit in man will supplant the brute. By training men and women to think that no salvation from brute force is possible except by destroying all the noble impulses in our own hearts and permitting the voice of Satan to lead us to destruction too, by such defeatist training we become appeasers of Satan when we ought to challenge him and confront him with the power that cannot be destroyed, the power of a well grounded faith in God and understanding of human nature. Even President Roosevelt said, the world needs a revival of religion.

If you are a father or a mother, you must be wondering what to say to your children, now, when all the world is giving up faith in God and placing faith in brutal force. Is religion a snare and a delusion? Is it a crime and a disgrace to love the Lord, our God with all ones' heart, and with all our soul, and with all our mind? And is it giving comfort to the enemy to love thy neighbor as thyself? Has it become treason to be a Christian in this supposedly free country of ours and must we return to the jungle law of Moses, tooth for a tooth and an eye for an eye? Shall all the progress of the centuries, since the crucifixion of Christ upon Golgatha, be wiped out and the voice of Satan triumph when the Master so plainly set forth what the proper course in life is, while, He too, was taken upon a high mountain top and shown the vast expanse of the country He could rule by brute force if He yielded to the whisperings of Satan, to lead the armies of young Jews into battle against the Romans who had captured and were ruling Palestine by force of arms.

But what did Jesus reply to the emissaries of the synagogue who had even taken Him up on the roof of the Temple to tempt Him? He rebuked them as the emissaries of Satan and refused to exchange His faith in God, the Father, for their ideologies of brute force and violence. He never recanted and never broke faith with His followers. He fulfilled all His pledges, redeemed every promise and gave His life that the world be saved from doubt as to what the right course is to follow. If men must give up their lives to bring liberty to worship God everywhere on earth, to speak up openly and truly in the market places and over the air from the housetops of radio broadcasts everywhere on earth, if men shall be free from fear and from the terrors of want, anywhere on this planet, they will produce and earn such a life only in the measure that they practice the religion and obey the commandments of the Savior, for to bring down to earth the Kingdom of God as it is in heaven, cannot be done except one become like a little child and have absolute faith in the Goodness and Omnipotence of God, our Father, to keep His part of the New Covenant sealed by the very example of Jesus, our Lord and only guide and leader.

You mothers and fathers who have children, & your children are asking questions whether in these days of turmoil we should place our faith in force & violence and break the Ten Commandments and go forth and kill and invade other people's countries, you can safely open up the pages of the New Testament and lead your children to read, study and pray to give their souls and open up their hearts to divine promises, and place their faith in the divine promise, for God keeps His promises and keeps His covenant in the measure that we, who are His children, keep our part to the covenant.

I have with me tonight my younger son Fredrick, he had a childish delight in taking his first airplane ride last week, I'll ask him to tell you about it, and after he shared with you his own pleasures, he is going to ask me to explain why I am continuing to speak up, as a father and a Christian, in favor of peace, while the world is going crazy with the hysteria of war and faith in brutality rather than in goodness.

DAD — Fred, let's hear about that airplane ride of yours, Sunday, a week ago. How did you happen to go up and how did it feel?

FRED — You feel as if you were riding in a ferris wheel when taking off, and when landing. In the actual flight, it is quite smooth, except for occasional bumpy air which causes the airplane to jump slightly. When banking, it is just like leaning on your side and moving at the same time.

DAD — How did you happen to go up?

FRED — Sunday, a week ago, at the Skyrider's monthly contest, I lost my model airplane. I had set it off at 47th and Federal Boulevard, where the contest was held, and it headed in the direction of 68th and Broadway. Even though I did lose it, I got the Flying Mac's trophy that was the prize for the series of contests, which had been running for a period of five months. My airplane made an official flight of 10 minutes, 38 seconds, before going out of sight of the timers. I lost it but won third place on time, and 3 more points on the trophy, which gave me the trophy and a small tool box for third place. Herbert Mills had been in a tie with me for the trophy. The Flying Mac's trophy was sponsored by the Flying Mac's Model Shop, at 3221 El Cajon blvd. This trophy stands over eight inches high; it consists of a wooden base with a plate for the inscription and supports a gold plated airplane. After the contest, in the afternoon, my dad drove me out in the car to the place where I had lost the plane and we hunted for it. We spent about 3 hours in the vicinity of 68th and Broadway, and asking people whether they had seen my ship. Finally we gave up and started for home but because we had seen some people on horse back while we had been looking for the plane, my father told me to inform the manager of the Big Chief riding club of the loss of my plane, and perhaps some rider might spot it. So we stopped at the club on our way home. Dad, then, drove to Conniry's airport, which is on the other side of the naval radio station and there I asked the student flyers to look for my airplane while they were flying around in the vicinity of the Emerald Hills country club. The manager of the airport, Mr. James Conniry, asked me if my parents were with me and offered to take me up with their consent, so I could look for the plane myself. He said he wouldn't charge me anything since I was interested in aviation. So I ran back to the car as fast as I could and asked dad whether I could go up. He walked back with me into the hangar and gave his consent to Mr. Conniry. So I went up for about 15 minutes, looking for my plane. We didn't sight it, but it was fun going up for my first airplane ride, anyway.

DAD — It's a shame, that you did not find that model ship of yours. We will pay a reward to any boy who turns it in. Call us on the telephone, Randolph 2874 or write to Fred de Aryan, East San Diego. The letter or card will get us at that address.

FRED — Some people have asked how you pronounce your name, dad.

DAD — There are two ways of pronouncing it. In the Latin pronunciation the de sounds like day in Sunday and the word Aryan has 3 syllables: A-ry-an. That is how it sounds in Sanscrit and in Zend. But the American way, of course, is to say de as if it was written with d double ee, — and the word Aryan in the English language has only two syllables: Ar-yan. Since we live in America and talk the American idiom of English, it will be much easier for people to pronounce our name the English way: "dee Ar-yan", while, of course, in any other language it would be: "day A-ry-an."

FRED — Some children in school are ribbing me, saying that you are pro-Nazi, daddy. And if one does not know you, but just listened only to your arguments about feeding the hungry of Europe as you proposed them in the Radio Forum hour last Saturday night, one might get the impression that you are pro-Nazi and anti-British.

DAD — This accusation is a common thing. You need not be worried about it, but must learn to have patience with the ignorance and the hysteria of those who tease you or try to insult you. Anybody who dares be a Christian and put into practice the commandments to love God and place one's faith in Him rather than in violence; to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, visit the sick and minister unto them

Makes Her Own Clothes

Dear Friend:

A friend has just handed me your paper of March 31st in which you give me another public razzing and close it wondering if I am a "nudist." It might be well for you to set your readers straight on this score, for I am sure it is not your intention to cast scandal or suspicion on my personal reputation, although I plead guilty to all that you state about me as a Jew baiter.

Although I possess, perhaps, as attractive and graceful a body as any the Jews have yet debauched in their white slave rings which they conduct for profit in their relentless debauchery of white Gentile womanhood, or those they subject to vulgar display upon the stage for the entertainment of the vulgar and to part them from their admission fees, also for Jewish profit, I myself take no enjoyment in the vulgar but hold in contempt those who are so coarse as to wish to make a show of everything they have, and since they have nothing in their heads to use for brains which the Creator might conceal for them 'neath their skull and hold that much in reserve, their bodies are all they can show.

No, I am not a nudist, and this for another very good reason. I do not have to be a nudist because the clothing industry is controlled by Jews. Why, I am leading the nation-wide boycott against David Dubinsky and all his garment workers in the Jewish sweat-shops from coast to coast, because I myself am so capable, thank God, that I can sew and tailor beautifully and I can make garments that make the Jewish sweat-shop clothes look shoddy as they are. Thus I urge all girls and women of the U.S.A. to tear themselves away from their idleness at the bridge table long enough to learn to sew, that they too may make their own clothing and thus boycott two of the most damnable monopolies of industry that we have to contend with—the Jewish sweat-shop, and the Jews' exploitation of penitentiary labor in clothing factories.

"Everybody to his taste," said the woman when she kissed the cow. Take this bastard race of Christ killers to your bosom and love them all you wish; but if you are open-minded enough and investigate deeply enough you will find them all amalgamated in that "Nation within all other nations," amalgamated in the same B'nai B'rith, the same Zionist Movement, the same English Fabian Socialism or Marxist "Social Democracy" now striking the U. S. A. as "British Union Now," or the same international Order of Freemasonry, controlled by World Jewry since the days of their "Count Saint Germain" of the 17th Century, who was the Colonel E. Mandel House of his day, arranging things between governments to benefit the Jews.

No, I am not a nudist, nor am I a Nudealist. One is as vile as the other. Surely our nation has reached the bottom of the pit of degeneracy, and that's where the satanists of the Anti-Christ have sought to drag us in order to take us in captivity to Judah. I quote from their chief authority, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise: "Judaism is at death's grips with what is known as Western culture, and Judaism must not fail!" That means the end of Christian civilization as we have known it here in the U. S. A. Would you approve that, Mr. de Aryan?

Sincerely,
LOIS de LAFAYETTE WASHBURN.
Tacoma, Washington.

• • • •

Editor's Note: According to Mrs. Washburn the "Ballard Racket" of the "I Am" clan, had its inception with "Count Saint Germain". However that be, we did not infer that a Nudist is a Lewdist. Nudism is a very healthy movement where nudity is induldged in for the sake of giving the skin a chance to breathe, which is impossible by the present slavery to tight fitting clothing and many layers of it, especially among men. Women were victims of it until 35 years ago, when the emancipation started to take effect as a result of the activities of Mazdaznan and kindred health messengers among the western nations. But men are still slaves to a triple layer of clothes and they are the ones who should become attached to nudism as the women already are. Their sheer hose and the scantiness of clothing, if not excessively so, especially in cold weather, has made of the weaker sex, the stronger sex that survives attacks of "epidemics" much better than the "stronger" sex. But where does Mrs. Washburn buy the cloth to make sure it is not from Jewish concerns, financed with Jewish capital? May we have this deep dark secret, too?

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LEGAL ADVERTISEMENT

TAX SALE No. 1431—1 & 2
NOTICE of SALE of PROPERTY DEEDED TO THE STATE FOR DELINQUENT TAXES

Whereas, I was on the 24th day of March, 1941, directed by the Board of Supervisors of San Diego County, State of California, and there was received by me and filed in my office an authorization of the State Controller, dated March 31, 1941, to sell at public auction, for cash in lawful money of the United States, certain tax deeded properties, public notice is hereby given that unless the said properties are redeemed, as provided by law, I will on the 14th day of May, 1941, at the hour of 11:00 o'clock A. M. in the Tax Collector's office in the San Diego City and County Administration Building at 1600 Pacific Boulevard in the City of San Diego, sell as directed the said property for a sum not less than the minimum price set forth in this notice.

The parcel or parcels of property that are the subject of this notice are situate in the City of San Diego, County of San Diego, State of California, and are described as follows:

Sale No. 1431-1

Bungalow Park; Lots 19 & 20, Block 2.

Assessed to Henry S. Towle for the years 1928 to 1930 Inc.

Assessed to Frank F. Faust for the years 1931 to 1934 Inc.

Minimum price $20.00 per lot plus cost of sale.

Sale No. 1431-2

Bungalow Park; Lots 3 & 4, Block 3.

Assessed to U. S. Scoggins and I. J. Mark for the year 1933.

Assessed to Millard B. Dollinger for the years 1934 to 1936 Inc.

Assessed to T. A. McClellan & Della A. Kipp for the years 1937 to 1939 Inc.

Minimum price $20.00 per lot plus cost of sale.

If redemption of the property or the initiation of an installment plan of redemption is not made according to law prior to the sale thereof the right of redemption will cease. For information regarding redemption apply to Robert W. Getty, Auditor-Controller of San Diego County, Civic Center, San Diego, California.

SAM A. CLAGGETT,
Tax Collector of San Diego County, & Ex-officio Tax Collector of San Diego City, State of California.

Date of first and last publications, April 21; May 5, 1941.

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